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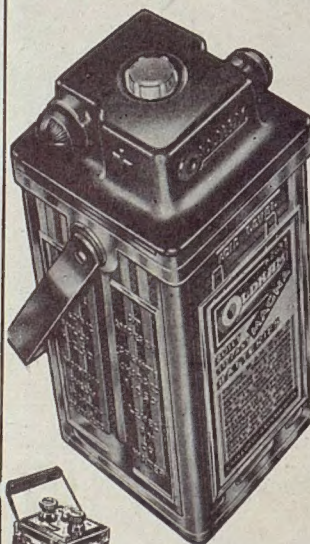


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Harlip

Engaged: the Hon. Priscilla Brett

The engagement is announced of the Hon. Priscilla Léonie Helen Brett, youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher of Watlington Park, Oxon., to Sir Martyn Beckett, Bt., Welsh Guards, of Kirkdale Manor, Nawton, Yorkshire. He is the son of the late Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett and of Lady Marjorie Beckett; succeeded in 1937; is a cousin of the Earl of Warwick and half-brother of the Earl of Feversham and of Mrs. Anthony Eden. Miss Brett has one brother, the Hon. Lionel Brett, married in 1935 to the daughter of Colonel E. J. Lecky Pike, and two sisters, the younger of whom was married in 1937 to Mr. Charles A. E. Shuckburgh of the Diplomatic Service



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Future of Ethiopia

MR. EDEN's statement last week on the British Government's attitude towards the future of Ethiopia clears up doubts which have existed in various forms since Haile Selassie was obliged to flee from his capital five years ago. It shows that Britain will aid the ex-Emperor to regain his throne at Addis Ababa as the sovereign ruling over the Amhara territories of Abyssinia.

It does not, however, pledge her to support any attempt by Haile Selassie to impose his rule on those other Abyssinian tribes who were brought by force of arms under Amhara control by his uncle, Emperor Menelik. Menelik's important victories at the end of last century greatly extended the Ethiopian Empire by adding as adjacent "colonies" many neighbouring Abyssinian territories. Though he was, according to his principles, an enlightened ruler anxious to develop the culture of the great area over which he then held sway, it would be futile to pretend that the vanquished tribes were happy.

Mr. Eden's statement necessarily leaves imprecise the future position of the non-Amharic territories now being released from Italian dictatorial rule. It is natural to speculate, however, that South Africa, whose forces are playing an important role in the present campaign, will be prepared to participate in organising the new order in East Africa. For the Union Government Southern Abyssinia constitutes an outpost of defence and a strategic area of considerable importance, and General Smuts has been closely consulted on all that is now being done.

Folly at Stresa

FOR Mussolini, contemplating the fast shrivelling Italian Empire in Africa, it must seem unbearable to recall those days at the Isle des Boromées on Lake Como when British and French statesmen came to discuss with him, in the spring of 1935, the formation of a Three-Power front to restrain German re-armament, and the obvious threat of resumed German aggression in Europe.

At Italy's own request an official of the British Foreign Office, especially versed in Abyssinian affairs, attended that conference at Stresa—ostensibly to discuss tribal grazing rights which affected British and Italian interests in Somaliland. He had not, however, been twenty-four hours at Stresa before the Italian officials informed him bluntly that they could not exclude the possibility of having to resolve their difficulties with Abyssinia by force.

Signor Grandi, as he then was, the Italian Ambassador in London, had accompanied the British delegation primarily because Mussolini was convinced that Britain was aware of his designs to seize Abyssinia, and would wish to discuss this matter with him. Grandi was of the same opinion and reported in this sense to Mussolini the moment the party arrived.

Yet, though it may seem strange when we look back on the history of the ensuing months and years, neither Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, nor Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, mentioned the matter to

the Duce in the course of four days' intensive discussions. When the British and French delegations had left, Grandi was soundly trounced by Mussolini for his poor appreciation of the position. "They never so much as raised the question," he said, "it is clear they do not mind what action Italy takes in Ethiopia."

The Maffey Report

IT is true that Britain's own interests in Abyssinia were more or less strictly limited to the free flow of waters from Lake Tana to the Nile; for by this way comes much of the rich alluvial deposit on which depends the fertility of Egypt. Indeed Sir John Maffey, now the British representative in Dublin, presided over an inter-departmental committee which sat in London and reached that



Bustling

Colonel Walter Elliot moved into the War Office two weeks ago when he took over Major-General ("Ian Hay") Beith's job as Director of Public Relations. His last post was as Minister of Health, which he held from 1938 until May last year when he rejoined the Army. He still serves as an Army officer in his new appointment.

Mr. J. B. Priestley carries the weight of the Sunday night postscripts on his shoulders again. Maybe he was thinking out his next one in this big May Fair lounge armchair. His huge public was delighted to have him on the air once more, and hear big problems and small topicalities illuminated by his particular mixture of idealism, common sense and humour.

conclusion in the early days of the Ethiopian dispute. An unauthorised publication of his confidential report which somehow came into the hands of the Italians was used by them at the time as a means of suggesting that Britain's opposition to their campaign was purely selfish.

I have no reason to think that the British view on this subject has changed. Indeed, so much was made clear by Mr. Eden in his latest statement. Nor has Italy's experience in four years' efforts to develop the alleged riches of Abyssinia done anything to suggest that Britain was wrong in reaching those conclusions, though she must make sure that no hostile power could establish itself at the southern entrance to the Red Sea.

We should certainly be happy to withdraw from Abyssinia as soon as justice and order have been restored, but without doubt we shall in the event find ourselves obliged to maintain police forces in many parts of the territory for some time to come.

New Order in Cyrenaica

AFTER General Wavell's victories in Cyrenaica it becomes necessary for Britain without delay to prepare for the new order she will provide for those great areas of North Africa now freed from Italian rule. Thus in the midst of war Britain is already laying the foundations of the next post-war system. I believe that urgent consideration is now being given to the form of government to be set up in Cyrenaica, which will soon be completely liberated from Italian misrule with the anticipated capture of Benghazi. Fortunately in these matters Britain has no need to seek among discredited members of the population for Quislings and Laval.

It is as yet too early to comment on the system which will be adopted, but it is clear that the Government of Egypt is likely to play an important part in the future administration of those Libyan territories lying to the east of the Gulf of Sidra.

No Raids for Willkie

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE has hastened back to the United States to give testimony on the Lease-and-Lend Bill. After a hurried tour of Britain which, from the publicity standpoint, recalls those happy days when the traffic in Piccadilly was held up for hours on end because Mary Pickford or Colonel Lindbergh had lately arrived from across the Atlantic, Mr. Willkie returns with his original views about aid for Britain strongly reinforced.

It is perhaps a pity that the persistence of



Pondering



Mr. Harry Hopkins Has Lunch with the Queen of the Netherlands

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands gave a luncheon party last week at which Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's personal representative, was the chief guest. With Her Majesty and Mr. Hopkins here are Vice-Admiral Fuerstner, who commands the Netherlands Naval Forces in European waters, Dr. E. N. Van Kleffens, the Dutch Foreign Minister, Prince Bernhard, and Professor Gerbrandy, Queen Wilhelmina's Prime Minister



The Empress of Abyssinia At Home

While Haile Selassie works for the liberation of his people in Abyssinia, his wife, Empress Manen, is busy at her West Country home with plans for their social welfare. With her here are her elder daughter, Princess Teragne, and her dogs Lulu and Roda

bad weather deprived him of the opportunity for seeing a really good air raid in progress. But he has been able to see the evil that lives after them, and what mattered still more, the state of British morale after five months pounding by the German war machine. If he had any doubts on this score before he left, he returns convinced that Britain can win, and thus defend the United States if America lends all help in her power.

Mr. Hopkins Chuckled—

LIKE Mr. Harry Hopkins, the President's personal representative, who has stayed in England longer than he originally expected, Mr. Willkie doubtless takes back with him many amusing anecdotes.

Among Mr. Hopkins's liveliest are those connected with his visit to a "northern port," whither he accompanied the Prime Minister in order to bid God-speed to Lord Halifax. On the train going north he was immensely tickled by an episode involving the Prime Minister and a British official accompanying the party, who was anxious to persuade Mr. Churchill that on arrival he should make a short broadcast speech for the news reels. The army of cameramen had been duly warned and assembled, but Mr. Churchill was reluctant. The official, entering his compartment on the train, tried every form of persuasion without success.

In a last effort to impress upon the Premier the importance of this public appearance the official was forced to play his final card. "You must realise, sir," he said, "how vital it is for us to impress the opinion of the Middle West. America derives its education from the movies." "That," said the Premier, "is a matter which I am ready to leave to the arbitration of my friend, Mr. Hopkins." It was at this moment that the unhappy official observed for the first time that President Roosevelt's envoy was the occupant of the other corner seat in the compartment.

Mr. Hopkins is telling the story with undisguised delight as the best after-dinner tale of his trip.

—And Then Shivered

THERE was another delightful episode when the Prime Minister's party went aboard the battleship. In the deep waters where she was obliged by her great mass to lie, a heavy sea was running, and the pinnace which came alongside rose and fell alarmingly. The Prime Minister, versed in the ways of the sea, found no difficulty in grasping the rails of the companionway and mounting safely. He was more fortunate than a member of his personal staff who followed after him. This gentleman succeeded in getting a footing, but lost it at the last moment, and a rising sea immersed him to the waistline. Mr. Churchill's comment from a higher step on the ladder was typical. "How is the temperature of the water this morning, Jones?" he asked, as that unfortunate gentleman was hauled back to safety.

"Mr. Jones" was probably less irritated by his experience than a distinguished party of naval, army and air staff officers who had also come to attend the send-off luncheon aboard the battleship. For some reason unknown it had been decided that these officers should attend in plain clothes. By an oversight this information had not been imparted to the officer on duty aboard the battleship. The launch containing these seemingly unauthorised visitors was consequently refused permission to come alongside, and was sent out to continue its cruising in the bitter wind and biting spray for what seemed to all on board an unconscionable period. It was even said that the bulk of the party felt exceedingly unwell before they were ultimately allowed to board the battleship, and as a result did little justice to the admirable meal which had been prepared in their honour.

For Mr. Hopkins, not long out of hospital after a serious illness, the whole outing

conducted under the worst possible conditions of British weather, was probably one of the most trying of his life. But his admiration of the Prime Minister rose with each fresh tribulation which the party had to endure. It seems that Mr. Churchill not only revels in the conduct of warlike operations, but that his spirits rise in direct proportion to physical hardships which, for others with less vitality and enthusiasm, might be almost unbearable. On this, as on so many occasions, Mr. Churchill was very much in command and the life and soul of the party.

Lord Lloyd

THAT the Government should be deprived of the services of Lord Lloyd at the present moment must be a matter for profound regret. When quite recently he was nominated Leader of the House of Lords, there were many who felt that this recognition of his abilities was belated. While the part played by the Colonies in the British Empire war effort is of great importance, and many difficult questions still await solution—some arising out of cession to the United States of naval bases—it must have been felt that Lord Lloyd's drive and ability marked him out for a place in the War Cabinet from the moment Mr. Churchill assumed the Premiership.

Inevitably so dynamic a personality has made some enemies. Yet few men in public life were so vigorous during the first year of the war, not only in pointing to our deficiencies, but in taking active measures to have them re-dressed.

Under Lord Lloyd's chairmanship the British Council, original nucleus of Britain's tentative entry into the field of warfare by propaganda, has become a real power for winning allies to the British cause. Its latest activity—that of trying to assimilate into the national body politic those thousands of free foreigners who have found refuge in our island—has been one of its most useful works.

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Myself at the Pictures

Good and Bad

By James Agate

I SUSPECT, I very strongly suspect, Miss Esther McCracken of being a pseudonym concealing a male identity. Why? Because he perpetrates—and is aided and abetted in perpetrating by the stalwart Mr. Terence Rattigan and the virile Mr. Arnold de Grunwald—an error which could not have wormed itself into or crept its way out of any feminine brain. This is the notion that a bride-to-be can become bored by the preparations for her wedding, which of course include her trousseau.

J'ever, as a Thackerayan marquis put it, hear such nonsense? A girl's bottom drawer is a girl's whole existence, and the set of her wedding gown the thing towards which creation has singly moved and upon which creation relies for its retreat. To ensure that something which ought to be cut on the cross has not been gusseted or guipped—I rely upon the printer to spell the silly words—the most chaste of virgins will stand till she is ready to drop, drop and stand up again. That her nail varnish may match her going-away dress and her lipstick chime with her boot-heels, she will endure agonies of indecision in comparison with which childbirth pales in its ineffectual terrors. Her hat... But I have made my point.

The basic idea of *Quiet Wedding* at the Plaza is tommy rot, meaning the rot which only a man called Tommy could write. As for the notion that any young woman, having spent the night before the great event in her lover's arms, would then go decorously to church saying to herself, "Whaur's your quiet wedding noo?"—well, I just don't believe it. But, of course, belief never was and never will be any part of film entertainment.

THEREFORE I do not mind not being interested when Miss Margaret Lockwood pouts and fusses and Mr. Derek Farr frets and fumes. (One can always refill one's pipe.)

My interest begins when Mr. Farr, preparing to face his fiancée's father, asks the umpire for "middle and off," and hits the old boy's full pitches out of the ground for six. Mr. Anthony Asquith, who produces, should try this; old cricketers tell me that it was done once at Lord's by Sir T. C. O'Brien.

I like to see Mr. A. E. Matthews as the girl's father mooning about like a despondent bloodhound. I like Mr. Frank Cellier as the purposeful father of the groom pregnant with undelivered speeches on the banking situation. I like Miss Athene Seyler overacting as always, like a watch which should insist on telling you not only the time but the weather report, high tide, and the temperature of the water—By the way, I shall be intensely annoyed if and when this delicious artist stops overacting.

I like Mr. Hay Petrie's soured railway porter, Mr. O. B. Clarence's ripe old fool of a magistrate, and Mr. Bernard Miles's policeman, Shakespearean enough to put even Dogberry in his place.

But most of all I like Miss Marjorie Fielding, whose air of detachment-cum-preoccupation

as the bride's mother gives one a fierce and uncontrollable joy. Like the sailor I want to leap on to the stage and do something or other about Miss Fielding. I want to elope with her, or to be put in my place by her, or even to be just ignored. Most of all, perhaps, I want to put her in charge of the British motion picture industry. Only so, I feel, will it ever be dragooned into sense.

"YOU'RE probably marrying me for my money!" says the heroine, a pampered hussy who is heiress to millions of dollars emanating from soup. "Sure I am!" says the waiter-hero, taking her into his arms, and having the grace to add: "But it's nice you're good-looking as well!" Whereupon the film concludes with a glimpse of the heroine's favourite book thrown through the window and investigated immediately by a rude little dog.

The book's title is *What is the Destination of Communism?* The film's full title, by the way, is Elsa Maxwell's "*Public Deb. No. 1*," and all this, and Miss Maxwell too, is to be seen at the Dominion. Whether the odd title signifies that it is that celebrated hostess's first appearance as a screen-actress, or whether it connotes that Miss M. has sponsored the film in order to make her parties still more celebrated—this is a momentous and weighty problem which the present European tiff just won't allow me to wrestle with!

It may at least be said that the film is wittily written despite the illogical balderdash of its sociology; that it has a scene in a dance-joint which would turn Matabele warriors sick with envy; and that there is a prolonged vista of one of Miss M's parties at which all the men are dressed as Abraham Lincoln, and the heroine, still oscillating between spending soup profits on diamonds or throwing them away upon servants who call her "Comrade Madame," attires herself as Pocahontas. This party gives us plenty of time to reflect that a week in a wigwam would have done the Soup Queen good, and that the waiter who married her ought to have smacked her far harder than he did in the opening scene.

She is played by Brenda Joyce exactly in the vein of Shakespeare's Katharina with modern knobs on, and the Petruchio-waiter is acted by George Murphy, a new and toughish type with crinkly eye corners which will take him far.

At the New Gallery *Old Bill and Son* pretends to be a comedy about this war, and is really a quite bewilderingly innocent farce about the last one. Essentially it is as out of date as Sister Susie, and the Bing Boys, and trench warfare, and everything connected with the last little bicker.

Two beautiful actors, Mr. Morland Graham as Old Bill, and Mr. John Mills as Young Bill, do uphill work with an unflagging conscientiousness which must surely set Captain Bainsfather to work again.

Six Characters Concerned
with a "Quiet Wedding"



Bride's Father—A. E. Matthews



Bride's Mother—Marjorie Fielding



Bridegroom's Father—Frank Cellier



Bride's Aunt—Athene Seyler



Cook—Muriel George



Policeman—Bernard Miles

Film Premiere

Some of Those Who Saw "Quiet Wedding" at the Plaza



David Tomlinson gets his first important film part in "Quiet Wedding." He is with Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, whose own "quiet wedding" took place last month. John Mills will appear in the film version of the stage thriller, "College To Let," now in production at Shepherd's Bush Studios



Paul Soskin, after a long absence from the studios, returns to production in "Quiet Wedding." He was caught by the photographer talking to the Earl and Countess of Jersey. The latter was well known on the films as Virginia Cherrill. James Agate discusses the film on the opposite page



Mrs. Charles Sweeny, a devotee of films, is to be seen at most important premieres. She and her husband, who is busy with Home Guard activities, are living at the Dorchester



The Hon. Anthony Asquith, son of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, is the brilliant director of "Quiet Wedding." Another recent film of his direction is "Freedom Radio"



The Hon. Ann Curzon was enjoying a joke in the foyer with her mother, Viscountess Scarsdale. She is the seventeen-year-old daughter of the Earl of Scarsdale, who is now serving as a major in the Gunners

(On right) Pilot Officer Paul Tomlinson is with his actor brother, David Tomlinson (who has three brothers serving in the Air Force), Mrs. Fennell, Margaret Lockwood, the harassed and sensitive bride-to-be of "Quiet Wedding," and Mrs. Sidney King



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Blue Goose" (Comedy)

IF you want to get the feeling that there isn't a war on and that life in 1941 is proceeding just as evenly and calmly as it did (or did it?) ten years ago, a visit to the Comedy Theatre may possibly supply your need. Not that life as depicted in *The Blue Goose* is appreciably more like life in 1931 than it is now. It isn't. It doesn't pretend to be. It bears only a remote relation to reality at any time.

But this little comedy by Peter Blackmore is typically the sort of little comedy that bobbed up so regularly before the war broke out and that will probably bob up so regularly again when the war is over. It makes no special effort to grapple with the problem of getting people into the theatre in blitztime. It isn't a troopshow, it isn't a starshow, it doesn't even trouble on the programme to say when the action takes place, which omission usually means the present time. It assumes that the theatre, if nothing else, is as was. So that when you order refreshments in the interval, it may come as quite a shock to find only one lump of sugar to your tea.

THE story is the story of a silly woman's passion for amateur theatricals and what came of it. Mrs. Portal (Iris Hoey) is a borough treasurer's wife who insists that no junior clerk shall be engaged who is not capable of accompanying at rehearsals. When the curtain rises, she is practising Yum-Yum for a

performance of *The Mikado* to be given on regatta day. In this she is to be supported by her two daughters: Anna (Viola Lyel), who is foolish and keeps bees and gets stung on her hindquarters, and Louise (Coral Fairweather), who is fetching and unattached, and far too nice to get stung anywhere.

Visitors to the house of the Portals in Act I include the latest junior clerk (Ian Lubbock), immediately dumped down on the piano stool; an admiral's widow (Rosalind Atkinson), eccentrically naval from top to toe and never without a rocket in her pocket; the mayor of the town (Billy Merson), first a jockey, then an undertaker, and now reluctantly engaged to Anna; and a yachtsman (John Warwick), who has made his name by sailing round and round the world all on his lonesome in the "Blue Goose," and who is just the sort of chap the sort of girl you sort of like in this sort of comedy would fall for.

CONTRARY, however, to expectation, the Yachtsman's yachtsmanship is not impeccable. Having arranged to elope with Louise at the end of the second act in the middle of the amateur performance, a storm arises just when he has got her on board and just before he has got on board himself. Out to sea she



Mrs. Elizabeth Portal—Iris Hoey.
Margaret, maid—Davina Craig

goes on the "Blue Goose." The lifeboat crew is feverishly summoned. But the lifeboat crew is performing *The Mikado*. In saving Louise, they wreck the show.

What time the admiral's widow, dashing out of the stage box in marine ecstasy, lets off the rocket in her pocket, leaving the mayor, who is more than half seas over through imbibing too freely of a posset of rum, to make an exhibition of himself in front of the élite of the ratepayers.



Hubert Briggs, The Mayor—Billy Merson;
Mrs. Keppel Piggot—Rosalind Atkinson

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Louise Portal—Coral Fairweather,
Richard Hardy—John Warwick

So the piece grows to a conclusion, which is a happy one as far as the nice characters are concerned. The elopement, at a second attempt, succeeds. And the mayor, a decent sort if he is a rum cove, accompanies the loving pair as chaperon. Mr. Merson's broad comedy is invaluable in this amiable part. Miss Atkinson as the admiral's widow is so like Nellie Wallace that we welcome her every entrance. Miss Hoey knows the ropes and convinces us that Kate Cutler herself couldn't have played Mrs. Portal more efficiently and less sympathetically. Fond memories arise on seeing her once again in Japanese costume. For wasn't it in Japanese costume we saw her for something like the first time of all, when Tree put on *The Darling of the Gods* and the world was so full of promise?

Hollywood Nonsense



Gunman by choice is Gary Cooper, who has a fine collection of pistols and revolvers of all sizes and periods. His passion is big-game hunting, and that's what he does whenever he has long enough between pictures to go that far. He has just finished work on a new film called "Meet John Doe," in which Barbara Stanwyck is the girl friend



Gunman by profession—on the screen, that is—is Humphrey Bogart. The same part is his in "High Sierra," in spite of the efforts of the heroine, Ida Lupino, to make him give up his life of crime. Also in the film is this new dog star, Pard, here being taught to jump by Mr. Bogart and not kicked into the air as you might think. "Bogey," as Hollywood nicknames him, has four dogs of his own in private life, and enjoyed being allowed one soft spot in his gunman's heart when he and Pard acted together



The worst dancer of the rumba in Hollywood is said to be Charlie Ruggles. Which probably makes it all the funnier when this delightfully absurd comedian gives rumba lessons to Ann ("Oomph") Sheridan in a new film, "Honeymoon for Three." She, by the way, has the reputation of being pretty well the best rumba dancer among stars. Acting with her and Charlie in the film is Miss Sheridan's real-life romance, George Brent

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Greek Luncheon

SERIOUS dates, like national and international luncheon-parties, continue to crop up. The Greek luncheon was made rather more solemn than was planned by the sad death of General Metaxas on the very morning it took place. So Mr. Eden didn't come, nor M. Simopoulos, nor other important Greeks. And there were no speeches, except a rather piano one from Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Chairman of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, who organised the party, and who, with Lady Lucas, received the quantities of distinguished guests who arrived despite this tragic set-back. Cancellation of the luncheon was contemplated, but the numbers of people expected, and the fact that the news was not announced until nearly one, anyway, made that impractical.

Lady Annaly, who looks attractive in anything, was in khaki that day; Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig was there; Lady Diana Duff Cooper, in brown and gold; the Egyptian Ambassador; Lord Rennell; Lady Alexandra Haig, in nursing uniform.

Then there were quantities of M.P.s, including Mr. George Hicks, Sir Thomas Cook, Mr. Clement Davies, Mr. Ronald Cross, Minister of Shipping, and Mrs. Cross, always an asset. And the High

Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, Captain Baron von Asbech, of the Royal Dutch Navy, and so on.

Return of Ambassador Biddle

POLES in London are delighted at the announcement that Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., U.S. Ambassador to Poland since 1938, is coming shortly to this country to become American Envoy to Poland, Norway, Holland and Belgium.

Transferred from Oslo, where he was American Minister for four years, Mr. Biddle arrived in Warsaw with the reputation of being the best-dressed man in America, and soon made himself, with Mrs. Biddle, the most popular and successful American diplomat Poland had ever had. Very slim and athletic, excellent shot and tennis player, Ambassador Biddle soon made lots of friends. His time in Warsaw was quite brilliant, because he knew how to collect at his house, the famous Raczyński Palace, the social and intellectual élite of Warsaw, and gave magnificent proofs of American hospitality.

His charming wife was formerly Mrs. Schulze, of Chicago, and her daughter, Peggy, later married a young Prince Hohenlohe. Her son, Mr. Teddy Schulze, who is now serving with the Polish Army, recently, with his sister, presented it with

twelve fully equipped ambulance cars, for which swell gift he was decorated by General Sikorski, Polish Premier and C.-in-C., with the Polish "Cross of Merit."

People Seen

PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION goes around a good deal, looking very pretty and ethereal. Mr. Robert Helpmann and Mr. Walter Crisham were out last week, also Mr. Helpmann's brother, who was an actor, and is now a nice red-faced sailor. Another dancer, Miss Margot Fonteyn, watched a cabaret with Mr. Constant Lambert.

Mr. Elmer Digby, Lord Digby's brother, goes out dancing sometimes, and is nice, with a very pretty little house, still, hurrah! intact. Mr. Lionel Perry manages to carry off his battle-dress very well, and was having a drink with Mr. Brian Howard.

Mr. Bobby Lowenstein and Mr. Jim Mollison, both in the suitably gilded dark blue of the A.T.A., were indulging in a mutual quick one one evening. It seems that Mr. Lowenstein and Mr. Leo Partridge are sharing a cosy little home where people with the right qualifications are welcome guests.

Mrs. Colin Lampson was out, in mink, and a jaunty topknot of curls, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward nestled in a fur-edged hood and bolero and talked earnest "shop." (The stage does get hold of people.)

My Party

LAST week I had a cocktail-party myself, which was quite fun. Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Lady Courtney came, she looking very attractive with lovely gold-flower ear-rings, also her daughter, Valerie, widow of Commander Bickford, D.S.O., of the Salmon. Mr. Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon*, and Mr. Peter Quennell,



At the Scottish Services Club

The Duchess of Gloucester paid a visit with her brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, to Caledonia, as No. 2, Grosvenor Place has been christened. The Duke of Buccleuch has handed over his house to the Association of London Scottish Societies as a London headquarters and social centre for all Scotsmen serving in the Forces. The Duchess of Gloucester lived at 2, Grosvenor Place before her marriage

The Duke and Duchess of Kent attended the service in memory of the late Greek Premier, General Metaxas, held at the Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia, Moscow Road, Bayswater. They were received by the wife of the Greek Minister, Mme. Simopoulos, whose husband was unable to be present on account of illness, and by the Counsellor to the Greek Legation, M. J. Romanos



At a Memorial Service



Married in Scotland

A recent bride and bridegroom who were married at St. Aloysius's Cathedral, Glasgow, were Mr. Robert Conroy-Robertson, the Scottish portrait-painter, and Lady Fiona Abney-Hastings, fourth daughter of Captain R. M. C. H. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun. They are now living in Somerset, at Bishop's Lydeard

whose last book was *Caroline of England*, came together.

Mrs. Ian Lubbock, who is like a Walt Disney fawn, looked quite lovely. Her husband is now in *The Blue Goose*, at the Comedy, and came too; also his father, who is famous for his very grand house at Eton, where all the nobs used to go. Miss Viola Johnstone, understudying and assistant stage-managing in *Dear Brutus*, and Mrs. John Steele, in a lovely lynx coat, were decorative young women. Mr. Tommy Cochran, of Australia, was in good form, and an interesting guest, brought unexpectedly, was Mr. Lennardo.

Mr. Lennardo

DRIVER ARTHUR LENNARDO holds the speed record between Manchester and London on the Royal Scot engine, *The Girl Guide*. He is also a terrific singer, able to fill a hall of five thousand people without a microphone, and he appeared that night at the May Fair, as a sort of guest cabaret. He sang such old favourites as "Song of Songs" and "Trees," and the packed restaurant couldn't have been more madly enthusiastic. They clamoured for more, and more, which Mr. Lennardo, very individual and charming, and in his driver's overalls, magnificently gave them.

Among this happy audience were Mrs. Greenish, and Bettie, the eldest of her three amusing and attractive daughters. The other two are Bobbie, now in the L.A.A.S., and Sybil. Lord Selsdon was in the party, also Mr. Tony Wheeler.

Barrie Stars

"DEAR BRUTUS," at the Globe, has a terrific cast, all swells, circling round one another in gracious profusion. Mr. Gielgud, of course, for whom so many eager girls have sat twenty-four hours on dreadful

stools in gallery queues; Miss Rawlings, suggesting transports of emotion "off"; the Misses Nora Swinburne and Ursula Jeans, being the nicest type of English-women, always ready to nab the husbands of others in the best-mannered way possible; Mr. Ronald Ward, as the philanderer, philandering right up to every imaginable margin. And so on: not forgetting darling Miss Zena Dare, as Lady Caroline.

Miss Muriel Pavlow is the dream-child, the "might-have-been" (ugh!) who says "Daddy" such an unconscionable number of times—and manages, to her unending

credit, always to say it with gusto. Apparently she got into a train the other day where some women were discussing the play, and herself. "How old do you think she is?" asked one. "Oh, about thirty-two," said the other. "They always are." Members, no doubt, of the school of thought that used to hold that Shirley Temple was a dwarf of about forty. Actually, Miss Pavlow is nineteen, and looks much less.

Hat Show

MRS. RONALD CROSS, wife of the Minister of Shipping, has arranged for a hat show in aid of the members of the Merchant Navy, to be held by Messrs. Elfriede (of 23, Bruton Street) at the Ritz Hotel on February 11 and 12, from 3.30 to 4.30. Half the price of every hat sold, either at the show or at the shop during the rest of the week, will be given to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.

Among the well-known people showing the hats will be Miss Rosemary Chance, Miss Micki Hood, Lady Marguerite Strickland, and her stepmother, the new Lady Darnley.

Angle on Art

DAILY woman is now considered a more fitting description than charwoman, of the amiable creatures who play their part in most homes.

One, who divides her services between someone's house and an art gallery, was ruminating about the latter. "Worth a lot of money, some of those pictures," she said. "One in there of a Spanish lady washing her feet—worth two thousand pounds, they say. If I was a gentleman buying her, I'd expect her to be having a bath for that."



Mr. Palmer and Miss Victoria Stevens

Sec.-Lieut. Raymond Cecil Palmer, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Hon. Cecil and Mrs. Palmer, of Fernhurst, Pinkneys Green, Berks., and grandson of Lord Palmer, and Victoria Ellen Weston-Stevens, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Weston-Stevens, of Woolley Cottage, Maidenhead, Berks., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Commander Lord Sempill, A.F.C., Naval Air Service, wore Highland dress for his wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Cecilia Alice Dunbar-Kilburn, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar-Kilburn, of Ledwell, Sandford St. Martin, Oxon. She wore cream and gold brocade. Lord Sempill, who succeeded as nineteenth baron in 1934, owns two places in Aberdeenshire. His first wife, who died in 1935, and by whom he had two daughters, was the daughter of the late Sir John Lavery



Commander Lord Sempill and Miss Dunbar-Kilburn

Letter from The Bahamas

By Pamela Murray

At Government House

THE Duke and Duchess of Windsor saw the New Year in at a dance for war charities at the Jungle Club, which does not live up to its name. The decor is about as savage as the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

The Duchess wore a summery white dress, trimmed with her favourite deep blue. Incidentally, she bought it in Paris before the war. The American Press enjoys insinuating that she has ordered an enormous trousseau from New York, which is untrue and upsets her, because she feels many people do not realise that America will print anything—the more fantastic and unfounded the better.

His Royal Highness said a few well-chosen, deeply-felt words into the microphone, addressed to the refugees among us, for whom it was a lonely Hogmanay. Earlier in the evening his piper had gladdened some of our ears and hearts.

The Governor has since given two afternoon parties (featuring pineapple juice) for Nassovians to see the renovations at Government House. The Windsors received in the dove-grey and pale-yellow library, where a toile de Jouy wallpaper recalls their former home in France. Guests congregated on the terrace, whence expands a treetop view of palms and coconuts in perpetual motion.

Porcupine Notes

THE first week of the year has also seen the reopening of the Porcupine Club on Hog Island, where the popular "Freddie" Brices from Philadelphia reign. One hears so much about the war efforts of New York women that it was refreshing to learn from Mrs. Brice that 3500 wives, sisters and mothers of men who fought in the last war have formed an organisation in Pennsylvania for aiding England. Her husband being an ancien combattant, she takes active part.

At the Porcupine with "Snake" Ames (who inherited his nickname from his father, an immortal Princeton footballer) was one of the many Mrs. Manvilles, an ex-wife of the extraordinary playboy who pays more alimony than any man alive. At the time of writing he is not engaged to a new blonde, but when you read this he will be.

Americans favour the Porcupine, while Canadians from Prospect (or "Vimy") Ridge and evacuees use the Emerald Beach cabanas, where new faces belong to Mrs. Edward Wills and her engaging little daughters, Venetia, thirteen, and Edwina, eight. They are all spending the war with Louis and Mary Bromfield and their three schoolgirl daughters in Ohio. Louis has retired to his native Middle West to write a long book about New Orleans, most picturesque of American cities.

Meanwhile, Sylvia Wills has taken a small house here and is having Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and the Raoul Fleischmanns to stay. Mrs. Raoul Fleischmann was well known to you in the days when she and her former husband, de L'Aigle Munds, circulated with Sir Neville-Pearson. Her current husband owns the *New Yorker*. His former wife, one of the best-read women in the U.S., has married Peter Vischer, who owns *American Country Life*, and together the Vischers dominate Montego Bay in Jamaica. Enough genealogy.

Stayers

NASSAU is not all fun and games, war work and naval bases. It is the one spot where rich Americans, rich Canadians and other rich get together as winter colonists and stay on as benefactors, and even as permanent residents. The sand sticks in their shoes, as the saying is, and they always come back, often for keeps. They buy islands, build homes for themselves, and organise development schemes, farms, building estates, giving employment and creating well-being, both from commercial and altruistic motives.

Consider some of the men who have interests here. "Ted" Sloan, the cheery yachtsman and head of General Motors; Frank Remington, a vintage American yachtsman; young "Bob" Johnson, owner of *Good News*, in which he wins the annual Miami to Nassau sailing race, having won it for years with *Stormy Weather*; "Sonny" Whitney, who owns I forget how many acres, and I bet he doesn't remember; Sherman Pratt (oil); Arthur Vernay, the English botanist and explorer; Robert Colgate (dentifrice); Arthur Davis, of aluminium (pronounced al-lew-minium); Richard Dupont (textiles and armaments); Philip Gosley; Suydam Cutting, the authority on Central Asia; Anthony Drexel, who owns 6000 acres; Axel Wenner-Grenn, the mysterious Swede; and Austin Levy, the Rhode Island industrialist.

Millionaire and Millionaire's Wife

YOU would be interested in Messrs. Wenner-Grenn and Levy. The former is about sixty, white-haired, slow-spoken, with those alarmingly light eyes which so many Germans have. He is fabulously rich. I can see his *Southern Cross* (which rescued survivors from the *Athenia*) from this window, as big as one of the larger Channel steamers, and beyond her Hog Island, where he is developing residential estates, and building an inland dock known as the Lagoon. His schemes provide employment and his charities take care of the "underprivileged," to use an Americanism.

But I have no doubt his eye is on the main chance. He probably thinks more rich will want to live here after the war (to escape taxation in Europe and in the United States), or he would not lay out this "paradise."

Mrs. Wenner-Grenn must be met to be appreciated. She bursts into song at dinner-parties, almost invariably gets fellow-guests to their feet for a toast, while she makes a deadly serious speech (to the anguish of the British element) and is at her best on the subject of Greta Garbo, who often stays with them. A long time ago she came from Kansas City, but has lived in Sweden most of her life. An unpredictable quantity, with uncountable jewels, "Marguerite" possesses a quaint attraction—at least she is different from any millionaire's wife I have met, and her husband has worshipped her for twenty-seven years.



At Government House, Nassau

This delightful snapshot of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor and the Duchess of Windsor was taken on the terrace of Government House, with their two Cairns, Prisie and Pookie. The Duke was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas Islands last July. He succeeded Sir Charles Dundas.

Model Farmer

WHAT Mr. Levy is doing at Hatchet Bay in the outer islands merits unstinted praise. He has created an enormous model farm, selling Jersey milk at a reasonable price for the first time in the history of the islands. Though he concentrates on dairy produce, there are other lines, including vegetables. He can afford to sink capital without *arrière pensée*. The coloured people like working for him as much as the white retailers dislike being under-cut.

He has a twenty-five-year-long grudge against the *Providence Journal* in his native State of Rhode Island, so all American journalists are barred from Hatchet Bay. When he learned that I was not an American he issued a permit, but cancelled it twenty-four hours later without explanation.

Other Islands

AT Whale Bay and on Bimini Miss Betty Carstairs, of motor-boat fame, is doing a swell job as a farmer. When she started operations there were only two people on her land. Now she heads a community of 400 workers, whose spiritual welfare is cared for by Father Henshaw, a picturesque priest who began in the Russian Ballet, went on to a theological college, and came here as a missionary. Everybody likes him.

But in my eyes the most enchanted place is Harbour Island, and the most unusual character its "king," Mr. Howland Spencer, yachtsman, sage, Pyramid-reader, ex-officer in the British Army, ex-Intelligence in the Balkans, cousin of Sir Denison Ross and kinsman of Mr. Winston Churchill. He has colossal charm, but he likes to be alone, and will not ask me back if I advertise his island, where the only shop advertises "Goats and Coconuts."



Major and Mrs. J. Leigh

Racing at Cheltenham

Racegoers have had another day out at Cheltenham. They saw Mrs. D. P. Dick's Golden Luck win the big steeplechase of the day by two lengths and at 5 to 1, and Mr. G. Beeby's Interlaken, at 3 to 1, come in the same distance ahead in the Long Distance Handicap Hurdle Race. They also saw in that race a boy of twelve ride River Fox, belonging to his father, Mr. Mumford, into sixth place. Lord Sefton won the first race of the day with Medoc II. A day or two after this meeting, it was announced that no Grand National would be run at the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham in March. This will be the first time the race has not been run since its institution 104 years ago



Captain Reggie Kent and Miss Angela Palmer looked one way, Sir Anthony and Lady Palmer looked another. Miss Palmer is the younger of Sir Anthony Palmer's two sisters. He is an Acting Major in the Gunners



Captain Michael Trubshaw and Mrs. C. F. Tower



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Brittain

Miss M. F. Misa (centre) watched a race with Miss Penelope Henderson and Miss Jean Henderson



Miss O. Strickland was with Pilot-Officer F. F. Szyzka, of the Polish Air Force



Mr. Brian Kent talked in the paddock to Miss Carol Houstoun and Mrs. George Brodrick



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHATEVER may be the truth behind Ciano's recent taking-over of a front-line aviation job, with one or two more of the Fascist big boys, the basic principle seems to us excellent.

Every politician should take a turn in battle with the troops. Mr. Churchill has done it in two wars already, with distinction. Hitler, though never a *Frontschwein*, or trench-pig, was a despatch-runner before he became a regimental orderly behind the lines, and according to Ludecke a courageous one (though that Iron Cross Class I. has never been officially explained). The Duce's war record we completely forget, but we have a vague feeling that imperial scowl can't have been wasted in World War I., and the Duce was probably a holy terror.

The late Prime-Minister-Dictator of Greece, being a brilliant professional soldier first and a politician second, is in a different category—with General Sikorski.

BENEFITS accruing to the average politician from a turn in the front line are obvious. Like the Press boys, many politicians are apt to live in a tiny feverish unreal world of their own, cut off from actuality. Military discipline and bodily danger would tone up their system and neutralise some of that absurd vanity which is often their bane. Their prestige among men would increase, also.

The young Emperor Charles V. and the young François I. of France fought gallantly in more than one battle; their rival, young Henry VIII., kept his athletic pink body carefully out of harm's way. All Europe admired the Emperor and the Frenchman and deemed the English King a sissy. This was most unfair, Henry VIII. being extremely good at tennis.

Aroma

PUBLICITY experts in Nashville (Tennessee), the town which inspired O. Henry's best story, have just inaugurated a fragrant new epoch in the advertising racket, we observe, by mixing old rose perfume with printer's ink and producing a full-page scented ad.

The idea, we take it, is partly to offset the well-known Nashville Drizzle; carefully analysed by O. Henry as "London fog, 30 parts; malaria, 10 parts; gas-leaks, 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brickyard at sunrise, 25 parts; odour of honeysuckle, 15 parts," and partly to make newspapers smell sweeter, which God knows is a worthy object.

The experiment seems to us to blend very well with that Suth'n atmosphere of genteel faded elderly ladies, sombreroed

punctilious colonels, devoted negroes, magnolia-blossom, Chicken Gumbo, and all the traditional Dixie tralala which still hangs faintly over busy manufacturing Nashville, where the Johnny Rebs were beaten by the Yankees in a fierce battle in 1864. It is, in fact, a cultured Southern gesture, and may even be a reply to that cultured Northern gesture of the actor who (as credibly reported) had been playing Abe Lincoln in New York so long that he went down to Harlem one night a little time ago and freed Duke Ellington's band.

It would be invidious, as the leader-writers say, to single out here and now those Fleet Street products which might



"Hand me my '303!"

soak themselves experimentally in *Nuits d'Amour* or *Embrasse-Moi Ce Soir* with the most obvious profit. We can think of two organs of opinion at this moment which would give Chanel and Coty a violent headache if asked to devise a scent to neutralise their normal fragrance. "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little band," as the weeping actress said to the jazz conductor.

Check

So the Elgin Marbles, as Mr. Attlee informed Miss Cazalet in the House, are not going back to Greece, which is what we expected. Possibly the Government fears an uprising of the art-crazy populace if it tried to send the Marbles back, having visions of bowler-hatted citizens throwing up frantic barricades in Bloomsbury and defying the Guards.

Actually the populace remains deathly indifferent, though we recently heard the Marbles question discussed tangentially in a pub near the British Museum from a red-faced citizen's challenging viewpoint that although the Greeks are tough and gallant enough, their fondness for kids' games shows they have a long way to go in the sporting world. Hence, it seemed to us, to substitute plaster or other casts in Bloomsbury and return the original Marbles to their owners would hurt nobody.

WHETHER the mass of the Greeks (who weren't consulted) care much either way we take leave gently to doubt also. You don't see an English hayséed weeping over the ruins of Fountains or Tintern—and how like you to bribe one with beer, just to get us down!—and the frogs croaking on the site of Diana's Temple at Ephesus rob few healthy modern Boeotians of their sleep, we dare aver. Our feeling is that nobody in the world cares much about these things nowadays except a few professors and maiden ladies of exquisite refinement, speaking very low and musical and eating with a fork. No democratic government is likely to give a hoot for these eccentrics unless they suddenly mated and started breeding enormous numbers of doggedly æsthetic offspring, each with a vote (and maybe webbed feet—see Mendell).

(Concluded on page 230)



"I often wonder, sir, if it's quite safe to carry on after the alert has sounded"



"Third Finger, Left Hand"

Editor of a smart fashion magazine is a new role for Myrna Loy, and artist is out of Melvyn Douglas's routine. That's what these two are in their new film. There is a very complicated but very lighthearted story, full of misunderstandings and pretence, and then the journalist and the artist get safely married. Miss Loy's and Mr. Douglas's talent for comedy guarantees a high standard of absurdity. Robert Z. Leonard directed. At the Empire from Friday



Glamour Girls of the Last War in "Tin Pan Alley"

Betty Grable and Alice Fay play Lily and Katie Blane, a last-war sister act, who come to London to co-star in a show. Their men are song-writers Skeets Harrigan and Harry Calhoun, played by Jack Oakie and John Payne. The romance between Katie and Harry revolves around a famous last-war tune, "K-K-K-Katie," one of the American Expeditionary Force's marching songs. "Tin Pan Alley," which is full of music and dancing and which Walter Lang directed, went to the Regal last week

Girls, and Also Men

In Four Current Films



"The Man Who Talked Too Much"

A beautiful blonde secretary is heroine of a new law and murder thriller, and Virginia Bruce is the girl. Her employer, an assistant district attorney who gets mixed up with the underworld, is the hero, and George Brent is the man. There are also a villain (Richard Barthelmess), another secretary, brunette, of course (Brenda Marshall), and the attorney's young brother (William Lundigan). Director is Vincent Sherman. Now at the Warner



Waiter and Heiress in "Public Deb. No. 1"

A beautiful blonde debutante, spoilt heiress of a soup-king's fortune, and with that a Communist, is this film's heroine. A waiter with steady, democratic convictions is the hero. These two are Brenda Joyce and George Murphy. Mischa Auer as a Russian butler, Elsa Maxwell as herself, and Charlie Ruggles as the deb's uncle are important, too. The story is full of slapstick and nonsense, including a public spanking of the heiress by the waiter. This, of course, means they fall in love, and the heiress has to stop being a Communist. Gregory Ratoff directed. At the Dominion. (For Mr. Agate's review, see page 220)

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Bricabrac

THAT superb twelfth-century Cistercian abbey which Mr. William Randolph Hearst bought in Spain some years ago and had removed to America entire, stone by stone, may be taken from cold storage and unpacked at last, it seems, now that the sale of the enormous Hearst art collection is announced from New York.

When he got his abbey to America Mr. Hearst didn't seem to know what to do with it. One original thinker even suggested that he should fill it with monks, which struck a bizarre note in this country, where everybody knows that an abbey is a picturesque ruin full of owls and covered with ivy. Alternatively, it would make a grand film-star's villa on Beverly Hills, or even a New York night-club.

Meanwhile there seems to be no mention in the sale catalogue of St. Donat's Castle in South Wales, another of Mr. Hearst's bibelots, restored to super-medievalism with magnificent energy and packed from dungeons to roof with priceless period pieces and fal-lals. Prigs and pedants who raise eyebrows at this latter hobby of the rich are also cretins, in our mousy view. Whatever Mr. Hearst did to St. Donat's, it is not the shapeless, rotting ruin it would otherwise have been.

The same applies to Carcassonne, and in a more modest degree to Herstmonceux Castle in Sussex. In both British cases the original Norman owners would recognise their homes, even if they momentarily mixed up the original founder of St. Donat's with Sir Samuel de Goldwynne, a different knight altogether.

Charmers

THERE seem to be two schools of thought concerning the Comtesse de P— (to echo the deliciously old-world manner of André Maurois), ruler of France before the crash, through her boy-friend, Premier Reynaud. One school describes the Comtesse as beautiful and charming, the other says she was (and maybe is) but so-so. Or are we mixing up the Comtesse de P— with the Marquise de C—, Premier Daladier's meddling charmer?

There is a faded Second Empire patchouli-and-froufrou atmosphere about the whole rivalry of this quartet, which, apart from the fact that it hastened the doom of unhappy France, is exquisitely reminiscent of a minor roman à clef. Women drive politicians in harness much more openly in France, and that despite the well-known fact that to the impartial observer these forceful sweethearts are almost invariably, by all Hollywood æsthetic standards, no eyeful.

IT may be the luscious, lavish pulchritude of the films which makes the Pompadour look to us now, from her portraits, like a sacrificial heifer, likewise blowsy Nell Gwyn. The "beautiful Gunnings" are another of our milder disappointments. Eighteenth-century London mobbed them at the Opera and in the streets, they both married the cream of the Peerage, and they look out at us from the canvases of Mr. Cotes, R.A., like two worthy girls, agreeable, but not terribly intoxicating, like Aunt Fanny's gooseberry-fool.

This goes (for us) for all that full-blown gallery of Restoration beauties at Hampton Court and for practically every notable

enchantress in history except darling Emma Hamilton. The Hollywood chocolate-box has spoiled our palate for less obviously tasty pans, maybe. Yet what a constant relief, after feasting on film charms for an hour or two, to turn up an album of Goya and contemplate some of those sinister black-eyed crones of his, vibrant with life and power and fascination and ugly as sin.

Schlimm-Schlamm

MARSHAL PETAIN's inclusion of Cortot, that fine pianist, in his recently-appointed National Advisory Council, along with Henri Massis—who foretold present dooms and crises in *Decline of the West* a dozen years ago—and two or three other leading literary figures, is extremely gratifying to us children of the Muses, who aren't accustomed to such attention from the State. Barring Paderewski, a national symbol as well as a great artist, we can't think offhand of any precedent for Cortot except Rubens, who was an ambassador for a time.

This is hardly the fault of the children of the Muses, who are perfectly capable of handing out advice, and love constantly so

to do, by invitation or otherwise, but it generally isn't very good. In Great Britain at this moment at least three rich and rosy novelists are tirelessly laying down the law, as we have noted before, on all things in Heaven and earth, but we've never met anybody grown-up who took much notice.

Afterthought

LOVING the big booksy boys as we do, we feel this habit of lecturing the citizenry ex cathedra isn't altogether their fault. Their native humility has been corrupted by cynical publishers, who have made it axiomatic that any boy or girl cashing in over the 50,000 net-sales mark becomes automatically a Thinker with a Mission, and to some extent by Georges Duhamel, whose recent treatise, *Défense des Lettres*, assuring the boys that they were practically a priesthood, has had such a deleterious effect on the racket that you can hardly sock a tiny noxious novelist at a party nowadays without being asked by the butler not to, to your great surprise (and his).

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"You know, I'm finding all sorts of things in these books that I didn't know"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"'Ere yer are, fellers. If yer seethin' with revolt there's nothin' like these 'ere to see the with"



Countryman's Camera: Mother and Daughter
Study of a Cow and Her Three-Day-Old Calf; by Norman Parkinson

The Trials of a Wartime Huntsman : by Lionel Edwards



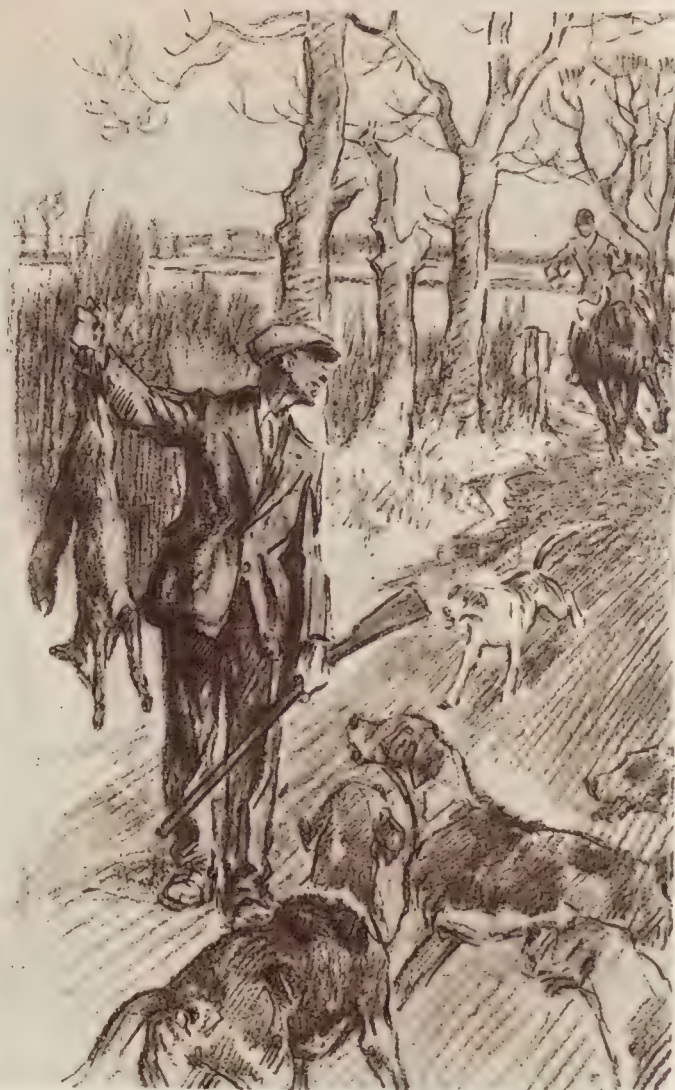
The General : "New horse, Tom?"

Tom : "No, sir. Same 'oss, new rations!"

(Food Control new order : 2 lb. of oats per horse, instead of normal 12 lb. per diem)



Home Guard to huntsman about to draw cover : "You can't come in here. Unexploded bomb. Didn't you see the Police notice?"



Well-meaning evacuee who has shot hunted fox : "Ere you are, mister. I got 'im for yer!"



Adagio (second movement): fantasy turns to nightmare as the Wanderer's repressions and frustrations take bodily form, torturing him with their endless twists and turns, and finally dragging him with them in a sinister procession

"The Wanderer"

A New Vic-Wells Ballet by Frederick Ashton

Photographs by Anthony

Robert Helpmann dominates the ballet as the Wanderer, across whose mind (the stage) pass contrasting moods and thoughts, among them a restless, glamorous sophisticate



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The acrobaticism of music-hall dancers has inspired the lifts and throws Ashton has used in the first

To Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia Ashton has created a ballet somewhat akin to two of his works: to *Apparitions* in that all the dancers but one represent something taking place in the mind of the Wanderer, and to *Dante Sonata* in that the dancing is composed "symphonically," as a part of the musical pattern. Neither as dramatic as *Apparitions* nor as emotionally charged as *Dante Sonata*, *The Wanderer* is notable for the variety and originality of its dance sequences and pictorial qualities. An artist new to ballet, Graham Sutherland, has collaborated very effectively with Ashton in the visual fantasy. Helpmann as the Wanderer, Margot Fonteyn, Julia Farrington, May and Michael Somes as the dominant figures of his imagination, give impeccable performances. In fact, the ballet throughout is strikingly well danced. There are two more performances of *The Wanderer* on Saturday, which is the last day of the present five-weeks' season at the New

Margot Fonteyn in her circus dress seems to represent the glittering, glamorous sophisticate of the world. She dances her difficult part with remarkable brilliance and





Love in its most tender and idyllic mood is expressed in the pas de deux of Pamela May and Michael Somes, with its floating lifts and soft lines, and their pink-and-white dresses



Youth and innocence lighten the sombre atmosphere of the second movement, when Margaret Dale and Deryk Mendel appear. They might have danced their way into "The Wanderer" from "Choreartium's" third movement

Finale—Allegro: the curtain goes down on this grouping in front of Sutherland's fantastic backcloth. An important strand in the ballet's skein is woven by the purple-clad figure of Julia Farron (lying in front of the Wanderer here), whose gentle demeanour and quiet dancing suggest compassion or resignation



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Ghosts and Their Meaning

As one grows older one revises one's scale of sins. Mostly I am not to-day in the least shocked by the kind of conduct which used to send shudders right down my grandmother's back if one so much as approached within a hundred miles of the subject. Though most people, I believe, improve with the years—and, if they don't, then it is an outrage to live with them!—age can be an awful as well as a glorious revelation of character. At any rate, if it does not teach us to be tolerant it teaches us nothing at all. There is little quite so intolerant as an intolerant old age; unless it be the intolerance of that kind of youth who knows the exact difference between right and wrong and thumps the tub accordingly either from a platform or from a pulpit. But then, I refuse to be conducted towards the rarer heights by someone who cannot even grow a respectable beard!

Every moment of every day is made up of such a mixture of emotions. Little fears, little longings, little hopes, little disappointments, a little fun, a little sadness: moments, nowadays, of a kind of numb despair. But you have to be mature to understand this and to appreciate its significance in ultimate happiness or sorrow. Not to be critically cocksure—unless it be about those major sins (which the conventionally righteous find it easier to ignore);

sins such as selfishness, meanness, cruelty, spite, insincerity, cunning and bad manners, is a sure sign that, after all, life has managed to teach you something.

So I always find it very restful to talk to really old people who have kept their interest in human behaviour and human oddity alive and are not too eager, as so many young people are, to anticipate the Day of Judgment without comprehending the evidence: men and women who have not grown old all over, inside and out, and especially inside.

No wonder most ghosts are on the young side. They couldn't otherwise surely be so abysmally silly. Frightening people in their beds, banging doors, wandering aimlessly about in darkened glades, and often looking, century in, century out, for something, or someone, they apparently haven't the sense to find.

No Ethical Purpose

CHRISTINA HOLE, in her new book, *Haunted England: A Survey of English Ghostlore* (Batsford; 10s. 6d.), does her best for them, but she fails to convey to at least one reader of her interesting history any other impression that ghosts are other than very tiresome.

For one thing, most of them seem to have only one thing to do, one object to attain—either to work vengeance, reopen old

moments of happiness, look for some lost something, or merely haunt. Any ethical purpose it is difficult to find. Many of them don't seem to have been sinners, and to persecute those who have sinned against us loses its point when the object of our anger is beyond either the reach of humanity or of a ghost. If they are barred from Paradise for some reason or other, as it is presumed, then all I can say is that Paradise knows many a bore when it sees him.

But perhaps we should be more tolerant about ghosts. Miss Hole suggests: "It may be that the world is more full of spirits than we imagine, and that these go about their own business, impinging upon our consciousness only when a certain state of mind or a peculiar set of circumstances has opened our eyes to that which would otherwise be hidden from us." So it is not the ghost but we who, for a brief moment, are super-normal.

And yet, even what the writer calls "purposeful ghosts" appear strained, almost to foolishness. After all, one should not "come back" perpetually, as one of these stories relates, to bother about the rightful bestowal of thirty shillings. Or, as Wesley relates in his journal, persecute a granddaughter until she turned out of a house her aunts who were legally justified in holding on to the property.

Dignified Ghosts

APPARITIONS at the moment of death are in a different category of ghostlore. They may be inexplicable, but so many are authentic. And who knows the strength of some supreme emotion or the telepathic, even the visual, strength of such a moment? Sometimes I like to think that the unique and yet undefinable atmosphere which seems to cling round ancient buildings is,

(Concluded on page 238)



Ballet Talk at the New Theatre

Graham Sutherland and Frederick Ashton are responsible, one for the decor and dresses and the other for the choreography, of the latest Vic-Wells ballet, "The Wanderer" (see pp. 234-5), presented at the New Theatre a fortnight ago. This was Graham Sutherland's first work for the theatre. He is a member of the London Group, and an Official War Artist, teaches at the Chelsea School of Art, is interested in industrial design. Some years ago he showed work in the International Surrealist Exhibition in London



Johnson, Oxford

Planning-Talk at Oxford

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood was the speaker and Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., was the chairman at the first of a series of meetings on "Planning" arranged by the Oxford branch of the League of Nations Union. Both are long-standing champions of international co-operation, on the absolute necessity of which Lord Cecil spoke. He is President of the L.N.U., has just published his autobiography, "A Great Experiment." Dr. Murray received the O.M. in the Birthday Honours this year

Five Engagements



Lenare

Sir Noel Dryden and Miss Rosamund Scrope
Sir Noel Dryden, Bt., of 15, Arlington Street, W.1, and Rosamund Mary Scrope announced their engagement a week or two ago. She is the eldest daughter of the late Stephen Scrope, and Mrs. Scrope, of 9, Wedderburn Road, N.W.3. He succeeded his kinsman, Sir Arthur Dryden, in 1938. John Dryden, the poet, was a grandson of the first holder of the baronetcy, Sir Erasmus Dryden, Sheriff of Northamptonshire



Major Charles Max-Muller and Miss Peggy Carey Bassano

Major Charles Max-Muller is the elder son of Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, now at the Dorchester Hotel, W.1. His fiancée, Margaret Jaquine (Peggy) Carey, is the youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of Watergate House, Bulford, Wilts. His father was Minister to Poland for eight years from 1920; his mother is the daughter of the late Professor Heiberg, of Oslo



Bertram Park

Miss Clemency Gore Browne

Clemency Gore Browne, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Gore Browne, of Glaston House, Uppingham, Rutland, is engaged to David Stephens, II.M. Treasury, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. B. Stephens, of Coxwell St., Cirencester



Lenare

Mr. Neville Ford and Miss Patrica Smiles

Neville Montague Ford, Berkshire Yeomanry, is the second son of the late Dr. Lionel Ford, and Mrs. Ford, of the Cloisters, Windsor Castle. Patrica Smiles is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter Smiles, D.S.O., M.P., and Lady Smiles, of Portavo Point, Co. Down. Her father has been Unionist Member for Blackburn since 1931, formerly was a tea planter in Assam and a member of its Legislative Council



Bassano

Miss Audrey Tollenaar

Audrey Diana Tollenaar, daughter of J. N. Tollenaar, of 177, Sloane St., S.W.1, and Mrs. M. C. L. Ommanney, is engaged to Anthony J. S. Duckworth, London Rifle Brigade, son of the late Sir George Duckworth, and Lady Margaret Duckworth, of Dalingridge Place, Sharpthorne, Sussex

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

so to speak, an accumulation of such profound feelings.

So, pooh-pooh ghostlore as we may, the subject interests most people, though they may refuse to acknowledge it. Maybe it is that longing to be convinced of some kind of existence after death which appeals to us—no matter how reason and logic may rise up in their scorn at the evidence. Anyway, what we took to be reason and logic have let us down time and again, so who knows for certain? Therefore subconsciously most minds return to the old mysteries, and for those who are either honest enough to uphold their interests or are curious to know if there is any loophole through which conviction may penetrate, this survey of English ghostlore will prove an attractive book. It is well illustrated by John Farleigh, though his approach to the subject is definitely by the shudder pathway.

Perhaps this book of *Haunted England* will not convince us that ghosts are a form of reality, but it will undoubtedly help us to marvel the more over human credulity or human blindness.

France in Collapse

THE sudden and complete collapse of France in this war will for many years remain one of the insoluble mysteries so far as the man in the street is concerned. It was so sudden from the ordinary point of view—so inexplicable. One can only record the tragedy of it, the disillusion, the disturbing aftermath for Europe as a whole. And the shame and pity of it all!

Mr. C. Dennis Freeman and Mr. Douglas Cooper have, in their new book, *The Road to Bordeaux* (Cresset Press; 8s. 6d.), told of their experiences when, so to speak, they were caught in Paris during the German offensive of May last year. Their description of what happened behind the lines is both moving and pathetic.

When the situation looked like becoming desperate, they joined the French Army as ambulance drivers. They were, in fact, the only Englishmen behind the line at Soisson

as members of a complete ambulance unit. Their experiences cover exactly four weeks; but in those four weeks the whole of a great nation seemed to crumble; its strength, its morale, its confidence in itself vanish. The early belief in victory quickly gave way to complete pessimism. There was, indeed, no time to gather again, and gather quickly, any force, moral or military, which could struggle to oppose the enemy. The German advance was of well-nigh unbelievable rapidity. Base hospitals suddenly became front-line dressing stations which, before the change-over could be completed, fell into enemy hands; while hospitals farther back still, hurriedly equipped for such an emergency, however unlikely, had to be evacuated before all the wounded could be taken in. Every road was a stricken mass of fugitive refugees among which the soldiers mingled—also fleeing for their lives. Where there had been some pretence of order there came complete chaos. No one was in authority; there was no one to command. It was just a panic-stricken human multitude rushing blindly southward, not knowing nor caring what their destination might be. It was at this moment that the most virulent anti-British propaganda spread like wildfire, as if France wanted an excuse, some kind of barrier behind which to hide its pitiful collapse.

Yet the two authors personally encountered nothing but friendly approach. Their narrative, which is extremely vivid and detailed, is at once absorbingly interesting, as well as being sad beyond words. Naturally, it does not lift the veil which still shrouds somewhat the causes which led up to a once-great nation's disaster—almost, it would seem, suicide!—but it paints a memorable picture of war experience which is as tragic as it was unexpected.

Chiltern Tragedy

REMARKABLY interesting, both as a social document and as social history, Mr. H. J. Massingham's new book, *Chiltern Country* (Batsford; 8s. 6d.), is also in itself a tragedy—the tragedy of the English countryside which commerce has despoiled and Englishmen permitted, not realising in their blindness that the good earth which is now "uglified" by badly-built houses could

have fed his fellow-countrymen and thus have made them almost independent of outside aid. Much of the lovely Chiltern country is still intact, but all of it is threatened.

He writes: "There are people who express surprise at the nature of the world in which we live to-day, who feel that the German violation of Poland and the Russian of Finland are an inexplicable repudiation of European civilisation. They are nothing of the kind; they but carry to their logical extremity the principles of economic expediency set in full motion by the Industrial Revolution and written as visibly . . . upon our own native soil as upon the bloody fields of Europe."

This industrial revolution which, moreover, has robbed the countryside of those craftsmen which gave the world so much creative beauty and added so appreciably to human happiness. Mankind is not a machine, and the more circumstances make him so, the less meaning has his life, the greater his frustration and his discontent. Here and there Mr. Massingham discovers some human remnants of this defunct rural industry, but they are almost pathetic in their isolation. He shows, too, both in the text of his book and in its illustrations, what the suburban enemy at rural gates has made of what was once both dignified, useful and beautiful. "Only, I fear, some such cataclysm as the war or its aftermath can restore to the countryside the reality of which Suburbia has deprived it."

Indeed, all the way through his book his passionate indignation carries us along—agreeing with him in all things, even when he overstates. For he shows us how civilisation in its most true and ancient form has not advanced; rather it has slipped back into the veneered horror which was barbarism. I wonder, however, if he is crying aloud to empty spaces? Time, and the aftermath of this war, will tell, perhaps. "It is the business," he writes, "of sociology to find out"—referring to the inability of the average man to view ugliness with horror and desecration with indifference.

Some readers may find the tone of the book pessimistic; really it isn't. But it does emphasise the fact that often the way forward is the way back. Change does not always mean progress.



Wedding of a Historian

Arthur Bryant, the historian, son of the late Sir Francis Bryant, Sergeant-at-Arms in Ordinary to King George V., and Anne Elaine Brooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Brooke, Tuan and Dayang Muda of Sarawak, were married recently at Hemel Hempstead. With them here is the bride's father, who is brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Charles Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. Mr. Bryant's last book is "English Saga," published a month or so ago. He is a contributor to "The Illustrated London News"



Home-Coming of a Novelist

E. Phillips Oppenheim is one of the latest notable English refugees from France. He and Mrs. Oppenheim were photographed soon after their arrival from the Riviera via Lisbon. They report that food was getting somewhat short by the time they left. They have now lost both their homes, one near Cannes and the other in Guernsey. Among the few belongings they were able to bring home is the MS. of Mr. Oppenheim's 107th book. His last, published in 1939, was "Sir Adam Disappeared." He will be seventy-four this year

Debs and Ex-Debs

At a Committee Meeting and Reception for
Queen Charlotte's Hospital Dinner - Dance



Mr. Seymour Leslie, appeals secretary for Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, spoke to an audience of debutantes, ex-debutantes and mothers at a reception and committee meeting for the Dinner-Dance which is being held at Grosvenor House on March 8th. The special object of the dance is to raise funds for the Hospital's work for the wives of men serving in H.M. Forces. In the chair at the meeting was Lady Hamond-Graeme



Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas and Miss Rachel Bury



Mrs. Severne and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas



Miss Somers Cocks and Miss Henderson Scott



The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth and Miss Belinda Blew-Jones



Miss Diana Portman, Miss Kathleen Durican and Miss Elizabeth Wheatley

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Friendly Counsel to the Enemy

IN view of the trend of events in Abyssinia and also in Libya, it would seem to be eminently desirable that our lesser enemy should put all false pride in his pocket and avail himself of the aid, a hint of which was given by the Premier in a recent pronouncement. Mr. Churchill said that if we were approached by Italy we should not be slow in offering facilities for the evacuation of all women and children from these regions. We do not war with women; but the inhabitants of those parts of the Italian Empire may not share our ideas, and there is this further: they have something to get back, for their women and children have suffered terribly, and their menfolk believe in the rugged justice of the law of the tooth and the claw. Our advancing armies could not hope to restrain them, and massacre on an appalling scale might take place. "Fuzzy Wuzzy," that "injer rubber nuisance," may be a first-class fighting man, but he is also a very primitive one. This danger is a very real one: it can only be averted if the misguided person who rules Italy recognises the stark truth, which is, that he can only save the situation by applying to Great Britain for the aid which will be so readily given.

A Picture

"ABOUT a mile outside Fort Baker we came upon the first of the bodies of the victims of these disasters. . . . Most of the victims appeared to have fallen on their faces, as if they were speared or cut down from behind by the pursuing Arabs. The bodies were all stripped, not a vestige of clothing remaining. . . . Indignities of which one cannot write had been perpetrated on the dead by their ruthless slayers."

This is an extract from *Desert Warfare*, by the late Bennet Burleigh, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in the Sudan operations of 1884. Things have not altered in any material respect, and the terrain in which the Middle East campaign is being fought is much the same and inhabited by people whose ideas may run along the same lines.

The Den-Raider

ALWAYS devastating, but, equally always, a most delightful person everywhere else excepting in that place in which we consider that we have a right to be as untidy and littered as we like. Reference is had to that place in which the primæval instinct returns upon us in full force, that successor of the ancient cave to which our hairy and quite unattractive forerunner retired to escape from the ground-game of his times, such as the *Pariasaurus Baini*, a 12-footer, not to be confused with the *Pariah Dog* of a much later day; the extremely unpleasant *Ceratosaurus* (a 50-footer from the U.S.A., date about one hundred million years ago), the *Megalosaurus*, minimum length 20 ft., which lived in England about the same date as his American cousin, and many more of the same claw and kidney. We have no exact data upon which to go, but possibly prehistoric man did not have much more success in resisting invasion than his survivor. Personally, I feel convinced that his den was raided.

Cops and Robbers in the Cave

PENCILS, nowadays fair game, were not invented in our ancestor's time, but I shall be surprised to be told that his best flint axe was not taken and hidden away in some spot which he could never discover.



The New Chief Scout

Lord Somers, formerly the Deputy Chief Scout, has been appointed Chief Scout of the United Kingdom. He was nominated by the late Chief, Lord Baden-Powell, whose death took place at his home in Kenya last month. Lord Somers is fifty-three, was Governor of Victoria from 1926-31, and has been associated with the Scout Movement since 1920, when he became District Commissioner for the Eastern Division of Herefordshire. The title of World Chief Scout, held since 1920 by Lord Baden-Powell, will not be continued.

I am certain that his den looked as if someone had been playing cops and robbers in it, just as ours do to-day after the Pury-Pussysaurus has had a real good go. Prehistoric man had no bits of paper covered with illegible scribbles, aides-mémoire to some of his loftiest ideas and choicest of phrases. These in our times are swept away and condemned to death by fire; our predecessors' pipes were never



The Start of the Big Race at Cheltenham

Two minutes after the advertised time Mr. L. L. Firth got the fifteen runners of the Honeybourne Handicap Steeplechase away from the start. The race was won by Mrs. D. P. Dick's *Golden Luck* (sixth from the right); with W. Hollick up. "The Times" racing correspondent writes of him: "If he continues at the same rate of progress [since he was bought after a Newbury selling race last year] he will be among the best steeplechasers in the country." (Pictures of spectators at Cheltenham are on page 227)

washed in soda nor vacuum-cleaned with some stuff which ignorant persons have said was invented by the æsthetic author of *The Pot of Basel*; his best-loved and shabbiest slacks were not given to the gardener's second cousin. Many other fardels our ape-like ancestor escaped, but, to be just, he must, like ourselves, have had his moments, especially with that accursed *Megalosaurus*. It is necessary in this connection to absolve from these torts the Hetairai, who are a compost of almost terrifying efficiency, from their Marcelles to their artistically enamelled nails, for they are a lesson and example to the disorderly. They never play cops and robbers in our den, but generally speaking I have not found them as attractive as the ones who are so fond of doing what they call "putting things straight." I know one of the Hetairai, an absolute mammoth of efficiency, and admirable at her job, but who always makes me think of one of Mr. Walt Disney's pictures. Apart from that, she is quite charming.

Captain Sidney Rogerson Explains

I AM asked by its author to explain that, in his recent article upon modern arms in *Defence*, the journal of the Fighting Forces, he did not mean to suggest that the rifle and the bayonet were obsolete, only that they were not the best "standard" (I quote) weapons for an army which fights by mechanised methods, and that the rifle is ungainly for troops on motor-cycles or carried about in motor-vehicles; he also writes me that he believes the arme blanche is still a decisive factor. I quote from the article in *Defence*:

As for its use as a bayonet-holder, is not the bayonet little more than a sentimental survival? Bayonet-fighting still holds a prominent place in the training of our armies. This is to me rather a disquieting fact. "Sand on the boots and blood on the bayonet" is advanced as a recipe for the morale of the soldier, much as hunting was encouraged because it gave "a fellow an eye for country!" If bayonet-fighting is still of importance, why not re-issue swords to officers? This is not so absurd as it sounds. There is undoubtedly a place for cold steel in the armoury of modern war. The important difference is that in these days opportunities for its employment must be created, notably by the armoured vehicle and the internal-combustion engine. Cold steel can only be used between man and man, not between man and machine.

I and others still find ourselves somewhat bemused. The question posed was that these weapons are archaic, not the method of their transport to the point of contact. Captain Rogerson, whilst he says that he believes the bayonet to be a possibility, suggests that the rifle should be superseded by the Tommy-gun. They have not yet produced one of these weapons to which a bayonet can be fixed. However, I have let the author speak for himself.

Here is a letter which has come in just as this goes to press:

"If I did give the impression that many weapons were really obsolete, I am sorry. What I meant was exactly what you write—that the motor now gives opportunities to put the arme blanche into use. Never again, as in 1914-18, must we attempt to make men attack machines or machine-guns with the bayonet. It is the weapon of man *v.* man.

"Incidentally, if I were writing that article again, I'd include a reference to equipment. Why in European wars nowadays, is it necessary, for the motor-borne soldier to carry so much kit on his person? Why not on the lorry? The German infantry in France, I believe, carried no packs, water-bottles or even gas-masks—just Tommy-guns—or rifles—and ammunition. This may be an extreme view, but surely it is one in the right direction."

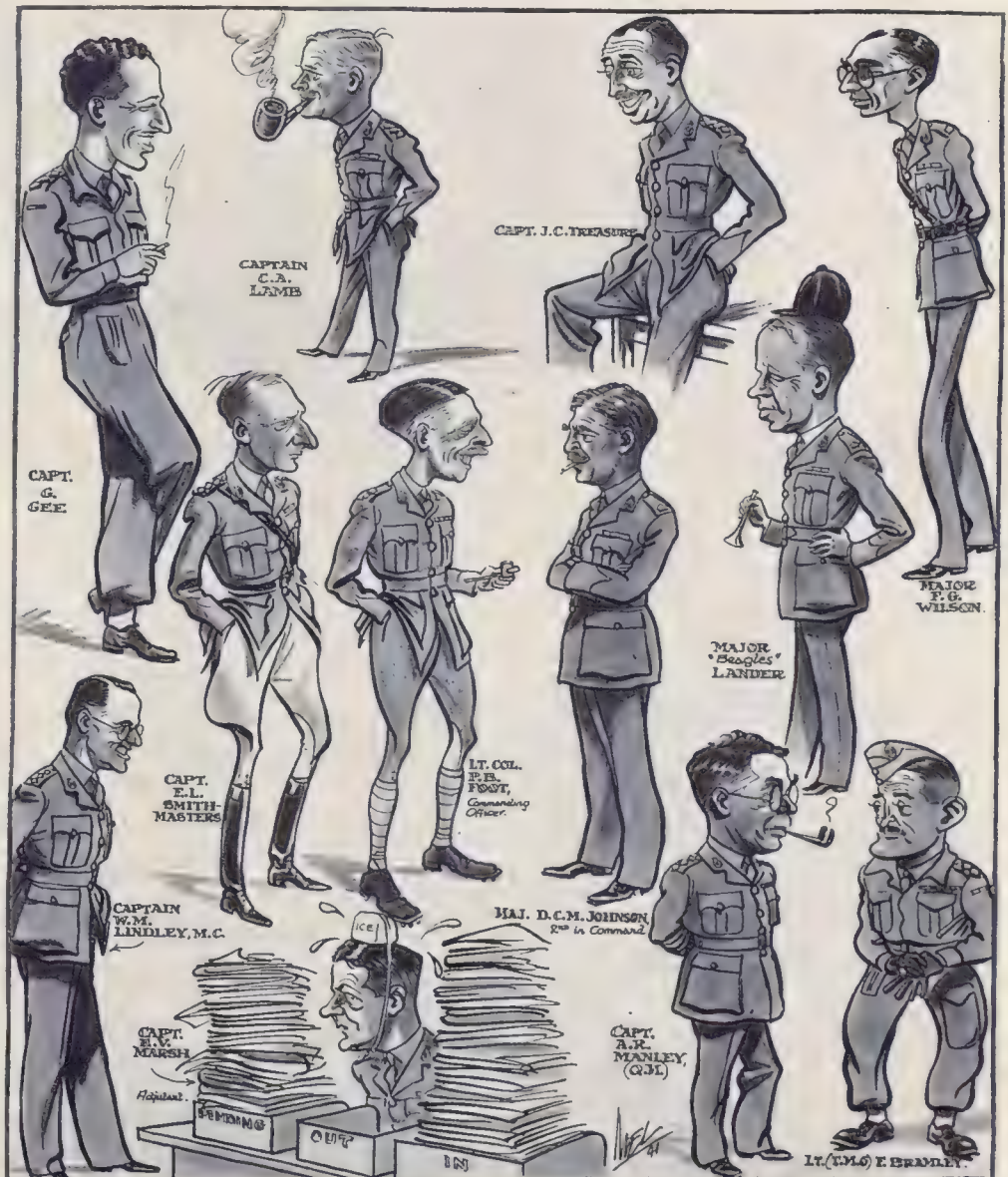


Stuart

Officers of the Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's Own)

Back row: Lieut. E. W. Hurst, Lieut. R. G. Strickland, Lieut. H. M. Mills, Lieut. E. V. Gough, Lieut. R. R. Darlington, Lieut. J. H. Horley, Sec.-Lieut. M. A. Barr, Sec.-Lieut. P. J. Pasterfield, Lieut. I. Hayzel, Lieut. P. F. Kearly

Second row: Lieut. J. M. Foster, Lieut. T. S. Edney, Lieut.-Q.M. R. P. H. Fortnam, Lieut. A. R. Deacon, Captain J. L. Denison (Adjutant), Lieut. W. G. N. Good, Lieut. R. N. Wilkins, Lieut. F. W. Dunford, Lieut. J. W. Denning
Sitting: Captain A. M. P. Luscombe, Captain A. O. Swayne, Major W. H. F. Routh, Major S. Scott, Lieut.-Colonel O. J. B. Philby (Officer Commanding), Major S. J. Brice, Major A. J. Harrington, M.C., Major F. N. Turner, Captain Sir John Mellor, Bt., M.P.



A General Trades Training Battalion, Royal Corps of Signals: by "Mel"

Top: Captain G. Gee, Captain C. A. Lamb, Captain J. C. Treasure, Major F. G. Wilson
Centre: Captain E. L. Smith-Masters, Lieut.-Colonel P. B. Foot (Commanding Officer), Major D. C. M. Johnson (Second in Command), Major "Beagles" Lander
Bottom: Captain W. M. Lindley, M.C., Captain E. V. Marsh (Adjutant), Captain A. R. Manley (Q.M.), Lieut. (T.M.O.) F. Bramley

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE mouth-organ was claimed by three soldiers, and the sergeant decided to arbitrate.

"I'll play a tune on it," he said. "You tell me what the tune is, and the one who's right gets the mouth-organ."

A weird medley of sounds followed, and guesses were made.

"I think Bert's won," said the sergeant. "He was nearest with 'Roll Out the Barrel.' What I was playin' was 'As Pants the Hart for Coolin' Streams'!"

SOME Jerry 'planes were overhead, and the sirens had sounded. A figure strolled carelessly down the main street of the country town.

An A.R.P. warden called out to him. "Take cover! Can't you hear those sirens?"

The stroller took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes, I heered 'un," he replied placidly, "but these sirens 'ere ain't nuthin' to me. I'm only 'ere for market. I lives over at Slocomb, and them's the sirens I 'as to listen for!"

HAVING bought a donkey from a mate, a coster took it out on his rounds. Almost at once it walked straight through a plate-glass window.

The next day, for a change, it trotted into a brick wall. By this time the coster was thoroughly annoyed, and went back in great haste to the man who sold him the animal.

"Why didn't you tell me the moke was blind?" he demanded.

"Oh, 'e ain't blind!" was the reply. "E just don't give a darn!"

BROWN was getting into his overcoat.

"Are you going out, dear?" asked his wife in surprise. "I thought you were in for the evening."

"Well, I was," admitted her husband, "but that fellow across the road has lost his corkscrew and has just telephoned to know if I can lend him one."

"Send Mary with it," suggested the lady.

"There's no need for you to go with it."

He turned upon her more in sorrow than in anger.

"My dear," he said gently, "your last remark sums up the whole reason why woman cannot lead armies, control nations, or take anything but a subordinate part in the affairs of the world."

HE had been a difficult customer, giving endless trouble. At last he finished his meal and beckoned the long-suffering waitress.

"How much do I owe?" he snapped.

The girl looked him over very coldly.

"I'm sure I don't know," she retorted, "but your bill here is two-and-sixpence!"

THE office telephone was out of order, and a workman was sent to carry out repairs. After a time, the workman suggested that the occupier should call up a number in order to test the working of the instrument. The man called for the number of his own home. When the connection was made, he spoke into the transmitter:

"Maria!" There followed a few seconds of waiting, and he repeated the call in a peremptory tone: "Maria!"

The storm that had been gathering broke at this moment. The telephone wires were struck by lightning and the man was hurled violently under his desk. Presently he crawled forth in a dazed condition and regarded the repair man plaintively.

"That's her!" he declared. "The telephone works fine."



"It's no use asking him for pork—all I got was a grunt"

TWO heavy-weight boxers—not, let it be added, in the first class—were booked to fight an important contest. Each man, secretly, had backed himself to lose the fight.

During the first round, one of the men accidentally hit his opponent a tap on the nose, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and let the referee start counting.

The other man was in a quandary. However, just as the referee reached the count of "nine," a brilliant idea came to him.

Rushing over to his prostrate opponent, he kicked him fiercely in the ribs.

He was immediately disqualified.

THREE Canadians, sleeping in a tent in one of the English training areas last summer, were rudely awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"What was that—thunder or bombs?" asked one.

"Bombs," was the laconic answer.

"Thank heaven for that!" chimed in the third. "I thought we were going to have more rain!"

AN A.R.P. warden was rescuing a man from the debris of a bombed building. As the victim was extricated, he said: "For heaven's sake, give me a drink!"

The warden was a man of the Claude Dampier type, with a vacant expression, protruding teeth and the very best intentions. He fumbled in his pockets and brought out a parcel.

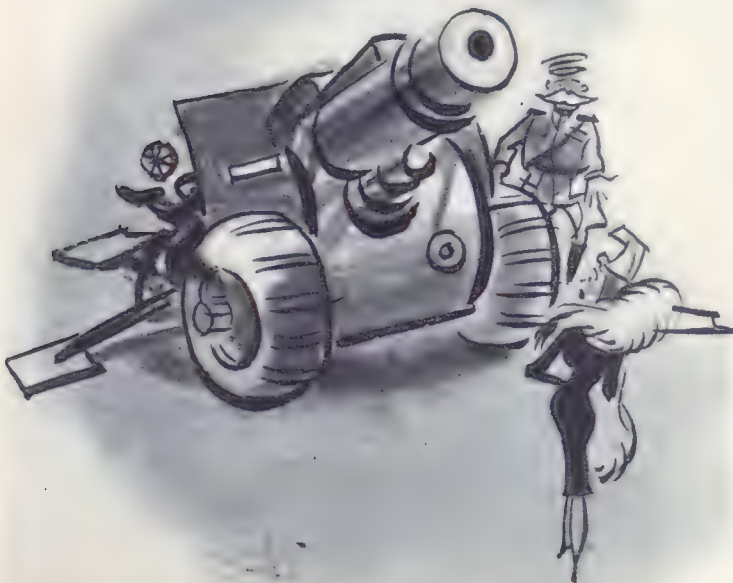
"I haven't got a drink on me," he said apologetically, "but here are some nice cheese sandwiches."

AN elderly lady had been to hear her nephew for the first time, and she thought it a very poor sermon.

Later that day she asked: "James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady anxiously, looking solemnly at him, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"



"Why, General, that's perfectly sweet of you, but really, I only asked for the plans"

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 25



“A Tussle With a Tin Fish”: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Training in torpedo work is one of the most important jobs of the Fleet Air Arm. In all such exercises ordinary torpedoes, known in the Service as Tin Fish, are used, except that a dummy head takes the place of the one containing explosive charges which is employed when a business meeting with the enemy is intended. It has been known for the torpedo to get lost for a brief space, particularly when heavy seas are running, and those concerned make an extensive search for the missing article. These trifles cost a mere £2000 apiece, and even in such weather as shown in the picture, consideration is given to the purse of the poor taxpayer by members of the Fleet Air Arm, who are seen hauling the torpedo on board under the most appalling difficulties

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Sutcliffe-Smith — MacDougall

Captain Eric Ashley Sutcliffe-Smith, R.A.S.C., son of the late Sir Henry Sutcliffe-Smith, and Lady Sutcliffe-Smith, of Ingerthorpe Grange, Markington, Yorks., and Nina MacDougall, daughter of Coll MacDougall, of 113, Park Lane, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Mrs. Edward Westropp

Irene Adah Reilly Collins, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins, of Waverley Court, Camberley, was married recently to Major Edward Ralph Sholton Westropp, Hampshire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. A. Westropp, of Arnewood Manor, Sway, Hants.



Eliot — Sykes

Captain Geoffrey Eliot, O. and B.L.I., son of the late Rev. W. F. Eliot, and Mrs. Eliot, of 48, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and Hope Sykes, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Sykes, Royal Indian A.S.C., and Mrs. Sykes, of Bareilly, India, were married at St. Peter's, Oxford



Cooper — Kemball

Sub-Lieut. John Cooper, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cooper, of the Boyce, Worplesdon Hill, Surrey, and Rosemary Francis Kemball, second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. F. Kemball, of Newlands, Ingatestone, Essex, were married at Ingatestone Parish Church

Captain Lawrence Walmesley-Coatham, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Walmesley-Coatham, of Foxgrove, Felixstowe, Suffolk, and Anne Bingham Kennedy, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Norman Kennedy, of Doonholm, Ayr, were to be married on Saturday (February 8th) in Scotland



Pearl Freeman

Capt. and Mrs. Walmesley-Coatham



Cundell — Maconochie

Humphrey Heywood Cundell and Mary Maconochie, only daughter of the late Sir Evan Maconochie, and of Lady Maconochie, at Rosehill, Berkhamsted, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cundell, of Seaways, St. Margaret's Bay, Kent



Glenny — Browne

Sec.-Lieut. Alan M. Glenny, Black Watch, and Patricia Felicite Browne were married at St. John's, Ryde. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Browne, and Mrs. Browne, of Restawhile, Ryde, I.O.W., and granddaughter of the late General Sir Samuel Browne

(Concluded on page 246)

PRESENT-DAY PORTRAIT



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Elizabeth Arden

Getting Married (Continued)



Temple — Ommanney

Lieut. Eric Gerald Lumley Temple, London Rifle Brigade, son of the Rev. A. L. and Mrs. Temple, of the Craggan, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Edith Carol Ommanney, only daughter of Mr. Ommanney, and Mrs. S. Ommanney, of 3, Sloane Court, S.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Hill — Yarrow

Major John Arnold Hill, H.A.C., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hill, of Penco, Dilton Hill, Surrey, and Esmé Evelyn Yarrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Yarrow, of How Green, Hever, Kent, were married at Chelsea Old Church



Wilmot — Thorburn

Lieut. G. D. Wilmot, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Captain S. D. Wilmot, and Mrs. Wilmot, and Margaret Virginia (Margot) Thorburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thorburn, of Peebles, were married at St. Peter's, Peebles



Greig — Butler

Sec.-Lieut. George Dickson Greig, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Greig, of Glendarnet, Sandy Lane, Middlesex, and Joan Butler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Butler, of Cherry Garth, Southbourne, Hants., were married at Ellingham Church, Hants.



Stevenson — Stirling

Major William Alexander Stevenson, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Major-Gen. A. G. Stevenson, and Mrs. Stevenson, of the Red Cottage, Sandhurst, Surrey, and Marjory Charlotte Stirling, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Stirling, of Fairburn, Ross-shire, were married at Strathpeffer



Silkin — Stamp

Samuel Charles Silkin, son of Lewis Silkin, M.P., of 12, North Court, Great Peter Street, S.W.1, and Elaine Stamp, whose home is at Friern Barnet, were married at Caxton Hall register office. The bridegroom has just been called to the Bar. His father's constituency is Peckham



McMillan — Cantopher

Norman A. C. McMillan, of Clifton, Bristol, elder son of Alexander McMillan, of Bourne-mouth, and the late Mrs. McMillan, and Elizabeth Mary Cantopher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cantopher, of Stonehaven, Ryde, I.O.W., were married at St. Mary's, Ryde



Mrs. H. G. Waugh

Dorothy Margaret Cullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Macfarlane Cullen, of Dalskian, Hale, Cheshire, was married at St. Vincent's, Altrincham, to Sec.-Lieut. H. G. Waugh, King's Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waugh, of Woodceaves, Hale Barn, Cheshire



Ramsay — Custance

Lieut. R. D. Ramsay, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Ramsay, of Hampstead, was married at Eastwell Church, Kent, to Betty Eileen Custance, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. C. N. Custance, of Wye, near Canterbury, Kent

Sleep Shortage



your Best way to overcome it

ADEQUATE sleep of the right kind—fully restorative and energizing—is of particular importance in these times of tension. If sleep is liable to be lost or broken, special steps should be taken in order to counteract its possible ill-effects.

First, it is important to be able to resume sleep whenever it is broken. Moreover, every hour of sleep must be **fully** restful and restorative—even after short or broken sleep you should awaken physically and mentally revitalized.

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Furthermore, 'Ovaltine' provides in a correctly balanced and concentrated form the nutritive essentials of a perfect food. For these reasons always insist on 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to **look** the same.

It would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is much more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if required. **Note especially that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.**



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Delicious

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The Restorative Food Beverage

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Correspondence Course

To provoke correspondence there are four infallible activators: old school ties, the morals of youth, Glasgow, and comparisons between air raid casualties and road casualties. As I shall be out of London by the time these notes appear, on a series of visits to air stations, I feel safe in talking about the last of these in the knowledge that letters from infuriated motorists will have time to cool down on my desk before I open them.

Otherwise I know that what I am about to say would have made it necessary to approach the letters from behind a double layer of blanket and with a bag of sand.

Here are the figures: 3,793 civilians were killed in air raids in December; 1,313 people were killed on the roads. Motor vehicle drivers, when they were not really trying, succeeded in killing nearly one-third the number of people killed by the most daring and intensive efforts of the Luftwaffe.

I feel that there is much of interest to contemplate in that proportion. It suggests either that the German air force is much feebler than we thought or that motor vehicle drivers are much more stupid or homicidal than we thought.

Perspective

It is my privilege to speak quite bluntly about these things because I have been a motorist since just before the war of 1914-18 and am still one. Indeed, my present work demands that I shall use a motor car a great deal and often during the blackout.

Now it has been my observation that since the war the number of crazy drivers has increased enormously. During the blackout cars roar past me as I creep cautiously along near the kerb. By day I am blasted into the ditch by hurrying hooligans.

It is true, of course, that I am not so young as I used to be and that in consequence I may see speed in a slightly different perspective. But my car is fast, with a top speed of ninety-six miles an hour and good acceleration, and I do not feel that I am holding it in unduly.

Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon is a Minister of Transport who commands the confidence of all those who fly. And nearly all those who fly also drive motor cars—the two things being complementary in some senses. Let me make a sensational suggestion to him for reducing road casualties.

New Rule

My proposal is that he should change the rule of the road in Great Britain and introduce the entirely new rule: KEEP TO THE LEFT.

Everybody who knows the roads of England as they are now will know, of course, that all vehicles keep as far over to the right-hand side of the road as possible. Sometimes they have to keep to the middle of the road, but they all

seem to prefer the right-hand side.

The ideal which many motorists seem to strive for (and I knowingly and of malice aforethought use the term "motorists") is to spread across the road in echelon from bicycle to bombastic barouche, so that there is no room whatever for anything coming in the opposite direction.

Surely the rule of keep to the left—if utterly novel and unorthodox—would do something to lower the road casualties and to make the high explosive bomb appear a little less like a baby's rattle in comparison with the motor vehicle.

Having said that I repeat that I shall not be in to receive any high temperature letters for a few days.

Think of a Number

A SHORT time ago there were tremendous arguments, in which I joined with enthusiasm, about the strength of the German air force. Observers in the United States began it by telling us what we were to expect in the shape of an invasion force and then nearly every paper in London took up the cry.

I think the estimates went from about 3,000 aeroplanes to about 50,000. There were few attempts to distinguish correctly between first line strength and total strength. Nor were the proportions between first line and total strength always consistent.

The truth seems to be that nobody knows what Germany's strength in the air is. And I am quite positive that nobody in Germany knows what our strength in the air is. We can make a guess and my guess is that the Germans have between 5,000 and 6,000 first line machines with a grand total of 35,000.



Prince Bernhard at an R.A.F. Station

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who is himself learning to fly, has recently visited various R.A.F. stations in Scotland and the North of England. Here he is with some of the officers at one of them. At the back are Wing-Commander A. David, Flt.-Lt. M. A. Payne, P/O S. B. de Meir; in front are Group-Captain R. St. Hill Clarke, A.F.C., the C.O., Prince Bernhard, Wing-Commander S. A. Franks. Wing-Commander G. H. Stainforth. A.F.C.



At a Fleet Air Arm Station

The two Wrens are Third Officer Jocelyn Dalziel-Reid and Second Officer Ursula Wait. The officers with them are Lieutenant Bob Everett, who won the Grand National at Aintree in 1934 and the Irish Grand National in 1929, and Lieutenant R. L. Allport, the well-known London Rugby referee, who organises all the sports activities of the Station.

Tomayto or Tomarto

MY remarks the other day about how to pronounce Tornado, the new single-seat fighter with Rolls-Royce Vulture engine that is now coming into service in the Royal Air Force, have elicited some comment.

But the position remains as it was at the beginning. Some say Tornaydo, some say Tornado. The Oxford dictionary says Tornaydo. It mentions that it is a "blundered" spelling of *Tronada*. I have pointed all this out, yet Tornado seems to be gaining in popularity and I should hate to go against the stream in this matter.

If I am asked to pass final judgment on how to pronounce Tornado my answer is that it is best to call it a basinful of wind.

It is rather odd that even the Blackburn "Botha" has given rise to similar arguments. Is it "Botha" with the long O as in over, or "Botha" with the short O as in bother?

In this case I have no hesitation about my preference. In fact, I can hardly imagine the word pronounced in any other way. Yet there it is, there has been controversy.

However it is as well to remember that Mr. Winston Churchill has taught us the value of queer personal pronunciations and so we must beware of standardising. Admit, therefore, any pronunciation which makes the word clear.

New Features in Debrett

The 1941 edition of Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage remains at its pre-war price of 105s. net (royal 8vo, cloth bound). It is published by Dean and Sons, Ltd., Debrett House, 41-43 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. The Editor is C. H. J. Hankinson, and Consulting Editor, Arthur G. H. Hesilrige. It contains more subjects of interest than ever, is fully revised and consists of over 3,000 pages. A War Honours Supplement is now included, containing biographies of V.C.s and D.S.O.s and a Roll of Honour. The preface refers to many interesting subjects: four generations of Stanleys at the War Office; the appointment of the Earl of Athlone as Governor-General of Canada; enemy subjects deprived of their British honours; and the George Cross, etc.



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Tweeds for the Spring



★ It is from the Shetlands that the tweed used for this three-piece comes. It is in subdued natural tones characteristic of these islands. It was shown by the International Wool Secretariat at their recent exhibition entitled 'Britain in Wool.'

★ The spring collection of Nicoll Clothes is now ready and is being shown at Middlesex House, Cleveland Street, W.1., as well as in salons of prestige throughout the United Kingdom. The dress above on the right is of pure check wool.

★ 'Nicoll Clothes' collection includes a large and varied assortment of pure wool coats for the spring. Some are gay and some in pastel shades. Spring colours are present in the checked coat on the right.



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Way of the War

(Continued from page 219)

The loss of Lord Lloyd from leadership of the House of Lords raises the question as to who will now handle major debates on Government policy in the Upper House. For the time being Lord Cranborne, thanks to his long experience at the Foreign Office during Mr. Eden's last tenure there, will well be able to deal with foreign affairs as well as those matters affecting the Dominions which may arise from time to time.

If Eire is Invaded

WRITING in these notes a month ago I mentioned the handicaps under which Mr. de Valera had been suffering as a result of having almost completely lost his eyesight. I am now glad to hear from friends who have seen Mr. de Valera very recently that a further operation has since been performed on his eyes, and that this has been successful. Mr. de Valera is now able to read documents submitted to him, though I gather he has been advised to avoid overstrain so far as possible.

The question of a German attempt at invasion of Eire is being very seriously considered in these days, but it seems to be generally accepted by all those who have lately been in Dublin that Eire, like Belgium, is determined not to admit the protective forces of Britain until the Germans have actually landed. The Eire Army of probably not more than 20,000 well-trained men, lacks much essential equipment. Despite this fact some confidence is expressed that an invading force could be held up for a time.



Lord Provost of Edinburgh

The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Steele, who received a K.B. in the New Year Honours, has been Lord Provost of Edinburgh for over two years. Since the war he has played an important part in the arrangements for the civil defence of the Scottish capital. He has worked unceasingly for the Edinburgh Red Cross Fund, which has reached over £60,000, the Fighter Aircraft Fund, and the Edinburgh War Weapons Week, in which a per capita record was established at the time. He was born at Dreghorn in Ayrshire, and went to South Africa as a young man where he started his successful business career.

To British military observers it seems more probable that our own forces in Northern Ireland would be fully engaged in ensuring the security of the six counties. The invaders would thus be able to establish themselves in Eire, and for Britain no course would be open but that which has been followed since the German occupation of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France; namely, to bomb the German bases established in the Free State. Thus it may well be that while the Irish hope to save their cities from German bombardment by maintaining neutrality, they may ultimately compass still greater destruction of their country through the necessary defensive operations of Britain.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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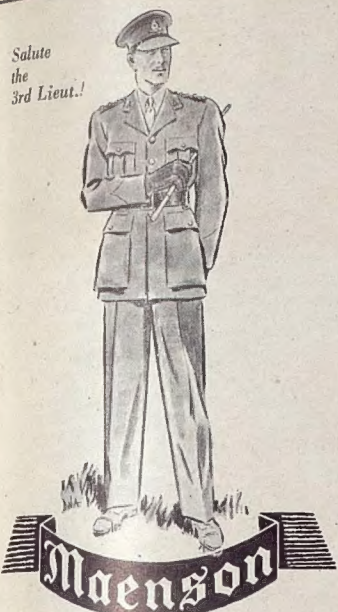
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